Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 35

Learn to Fly

Interval: 2

Chapter: 146

Lily-

I alleged getting to know her, and yes she still is the same early age she was then, that no little girl should die a virgin girl, and be lost in a home and school longing for a boy, so that night she and I snuck into a boy bedroom, that she was crushing on, back on Earth, and she had sex with him, for the first time, and he knew she was with him and the other way around, he could see her in

transparency, yet feel like she was the one…

No, she can be at rest… the right thing to do right…? I thought…

She got what she wanted a boy…

And- to love her for her even in supernatural form, we still want to be loved.

I was looking over… them with wings over the bed…

She said for weeks that he drives past my old home, and school

every day think about me… and looks at my graying old timeworn’ the body of Neveah;’ so-o I love him… for remembering me… -and she had many c*m’s with him…

Do not worry, I feel she may transfer over to a real girl the angel on Earth, when she feels, that she found the right look, body… to take over, it is just a matter of time. In his hometown… and to love him… well make this happen she only had too long for 200 or fewer years…

I am sure of it… to reincarnate… to look like one yet still be one of us…

That night she was playing and teasing with him it was so cute- he was 17, to see them c*m, whit, her on the bottom… sighing in mons with his thrusts. He knew it was more than just a dream!

(The boy)

My girl Lily- not of this world!

You are the ghost that haunts me, we do all the thing that some

normal couples would do, yet I am the only one that can see her, the only one that cares about her; however, we have love and that is more than and that enough to explain the undeliverable of it all, and all that supernatural, or not, that is not going to stop us from having the ties, that bond us together, worlds apart even…

My mother thinks I have gone crazy, she sees me talking to myself, and doing then with this girl that looks wrong, I know she is there, yet she

cannot get it. It does not matter all I need is her.

Part: 1

Naddalin- By next morning, however, their snow that had begun in there night had turned into a blizzard so thick that there last Herbology lesgirl of their term was canceled: Professor Burgeon wanted to fit socks and scarves on their Mandrakes, a tricky operation she would entrust to no one else, now that it was so important for their Mandrakes to grow

quickly and revive Mr.’S. Norris and Colin Creve.

Naddalin fretted about this next to their fire in their Amsel common room, while Jinger and Emmah used their time off to play a game of wizard chess, white and cobalt blue.

And, for heaven’s sake, Naddalin, and said Emmah, exasperated, as one of horses and bishops, wrestled her knight off her horse and dragged her off their board, after all this was life-sized, and played dirty this game.

Everything in the game came to life all the pieces… of the game board with a flick of our wizardly wounds or a point of our fallen angel fingers tips I have both.

And- find Joy if it is so important to you.

-And-

So-o, Naddalin got up and left through their aperture, wondering where Joy might be, she was going to be one the railroad today just for fun- it was a Sunday to you and me- yet even here it is taken as a day of rest and fun.

(Train Ride to Savanna anyone, the lost town at the end of the line that was shut down years back, into Rockville and the to the old cemetery- and her girlfriends all said- ‘Yeah…’ along with saying and- see if we can find new girls to bring back and under… with us, that are lost in their life, like us at one time said- Emma.)

And that what they did- they got a new girl- that was going to kill herself that night anyway, named: Haven… see she had fallen, so she

would not have to face high school, with meanies.

Part: 2

The castle was darker than it usually was in the daytime because of their thick, swirling gray snow at every window. Shivering, Naddalin walked past classrooms where the lesson was taken place, catching snatches of what was happening within.

Professor Ashly was shouting at someone who, by their sound of it, had turned her friend into a badger.

Resisting their urge to look, Naddalin walked on by, thinking that, Joy might be using her free time to catch up on some work, and decided to check their library first.

A group of there Silva who should have been in biology were indeed sitting at their back of their library, but they did not seem to be working. All so everything was relating to the wizardly world.

Between their long lines of high bookshelves, the books also shimmered with wonder, Naddalin

could see that their heads were close together, and they were having what looked like an absorbing conversation.

She could not see whether Joy was among them or not.

She was strolling toward term when something of what they were saying met her ears, and she had to just paused to listen, hidden in their Invisibility section.

And- so-o anyway, like that girl was saying, and told Joy to hide up in our dormitory. I mean to say, if -’s marked her down as his next victim, it's

best if she keeps a low profile for a while.

Of course, Joy is being waited for something like this to happen ever since she let slip - she was nonmagical people-born. Joy told her she had been down for Ellie.

That is not their kind of thing you bandy about with Andreasen's heir on their loose, is it?

-And-

And you think it is, then, Ernie?

And said a girl with blonde pigtails anxiously.

And, Hannah, and said their stout girl solemnly, and she is a Parse mouth. Everyone knows that is their mark of a dark demon angel. Have you ever heard of a decent one who could talk to dark angels? They called Andreasen herself Serpent-tongue.

-And-

There was some heavy murmuring at this, and Ernie went on, And- Remember what was written on their wall?

Enemies of their Here, Beware. - had some sort of run-in with Filch. Next thing we know, cats attacked.

That first year, Creevey, was annoying - at their Claepsiara match, taking pictures of her while she was lying in their mud. Next thing we know - Creve’s been attacked.

And- Then- she always seems so nice, though, and said Hannah indecisively, and besides, well, she is their one who made- You Know- Who disappear. She cannot be all bad, can she?

-And-

Ernie lowered her voice mysteriously, there Silva bent closer, and Naddalin edged nearer so that she could catch Ernie’s words.

-And-

No one knows how she survived that attack by- You-Know-Whom.

I mean to say; she was only a baby when it happened. She should have been blasted to smithereens.

Only a powerful dark demon angel of wizardry could have endured a curse like that.

-And- she dropped her voice until it was scarcely more than a whisper, and said, and- That has why You- Know-Who wanted to kill her in their first place, don’t you? I did not want another Dark Lord competing with her. I wonder what other powers' been hiding.

-And-

Naddalin could not take any more.

Part: 3

Clearing her throat loudly, she stepped out from behind their bookshelves, holding a book that was animating itself, as the pages moved by themselves.

If she had not been feeling so annoyed, she would have found their sight that greeted her funny: Every one of their Silva, looked as though they had been Petrified by their sight of her, and their colors were draining out of Ernie’s face.

-And-

Hello, and said Naddalin. And- I am looking for Joy Santah-Sletcherrle.

-And-

Silva’s worst fears had been confirmed. They all looked fearfully at Ernie.

And- What do you want with her?

And- said Ernie in a tottering voice.

And- I wanted to tell her what happened with that evil angel at their Dueling Club and said Naddalin.

Ernie bit his white lips and then, taken a deep breath, said, And We were all there. We saw what happened.

-And-

And- then you noticed, that after I spoke to it, their dark angel- backed off? And said Naddalin.

And- All I saw, And- said Ernie stubbornly, though she was trembling

as she is speaking, and was you speaking Reports and chasing their evil angel toward Joy.

-And-

And- I did not chase it at her! Naddalin said, her voice shaking with anger. And- It did not even touch her!

-And-

And- It was an extremely near Miss. Smith, and said, Ernie. Besides, in case you are getting ideas, she added hastily, I might tell you that, you can trace my family back through nine

generations of spectators and sorcerers, angels fallen or not, and my blood is as pure as anyone is, so-o.

Besides- I do not care what sort of blood you have! This was said by- Naddalin fiercely. Why?

Why would I want to attack Nonmagical people- borns?

And- I have heard you hate those

Nonmagical peoples, you live with and said Ernie swiftly.

And it is not possible to live with their Sleyashs and not hate them, and said Naddalin, and I would like to see you try it.

-And-

Naddalin blundered up the corridor, barely noticing where she was going, she was in such a hurry.

The result was that she walked into something ridiculously huge and solid, which knocked her backward onto their floor.

And- oh, hello, Deride, And Naddalin said, looking up.

A woolly, snow-covered balaclava entirely hid Darcie’s face, but it could not be anyone else, as she felt most of the corridor in her far overcoat. A dead fowl was hanging from one of her massive, gloved hands.

And all right’ de, Naddalin? And, she said, pulling up their balaclava so she could speak. And why aren’t you in class?

Likewise, canceled, and said Naddalin, getting up. Beyond that, what are you doing here?

Deride held up their limp fowl.

And the second one killed this term, and she explained, why…. and it is either foxes or a Blood-Sucking Bear with fangs the size of your arms, besides- I need their Headmaster’s permission term put a charm around their coop, to see why they are passing.

Part: 4

Then she peered more closely at Naddalin, and from under her thick, snow-flecked eyebrows and covered up eyelashes, and freckles on her pink, rosy cheeks.

Like, like, like- um are you, sure you are all right…?

Yah looks all hot an’ bothered - and…

Naddalin could not bring herself to repeat what Ernie and the rest of their Silva had been saying about her, and it is nothing, and she spoke. Like, I had better get going,

Deride, it is Transfiguration next, and I must pick up my books; plus, then, she walked off, her mind still full of what Ernie had said about her.

Moreover, Joy is being waited for something like this to happen ever since she let slip to - she was Nonmagical people-born… thus… Naddalin stamped up their stairs and turned along another corridor, which was particularly dark; their torches had been extinguished by a Jigger, icy draft that was blowing through a loose windowpane.

Consequently… she was halfway down their passage when she tripped headlong over something lying on their floor. Then she turned to squint at what she had fallen over and felt as though her belly had dissolved.

Joy- Santah- Sletcherrle was lying on their floor, rigid and cold, a look of shock frozen on his face, his eyes staring blankly at their ceiling. Hence… that was not it at all… Next to her was another figure, their strangest sight- Naddalin had ever seen.

It was Headless Saula, the girl that cut her own off, back in the 1900s, no longer pearly-white and translucent, but black and smoky, floating immobile and horizontal, six inches off their floor. She was looking at me with red eyes. We have chatted, yet not much. Her head was semidetached in this form she was taking, and her face wore an expression of shock identical to Joy's.

Naddalin got to her feet, her breathing fast and shallow, not knowing this girl like this and not think she could change into this or that… her

heart doing a like a xylophone, with the millets against her ribs. She looked up wildly and then down, their deserted access strip and saw a line of spiders scuttling as fast as they could away from her young sooky body, she was looking like a rotting corpse, in this ghostly form. The only sounds were, there- muffled voices of teachers from their classes on either side. She could run, and no one would ever know she had been there.

As she stood there, be terrified, a door right next to her opened with a

bang. Peeves their Ghost came shooting out. Nonetheless, she could not just leave them lying here… she had to get help… Would anyone have faith in her, had not had anything to do with this?

Naddalin- Only here girls would get it… she thought…

Chapter: 147

Part: 1

And, why, it is putty wee -! And, cackled peeves, knowing Naddalin’s glasses askew as she

bounced past her. And, What’s - up to? Why’s - looking -and, peeves stopped, halfway through a mid-air somersault. Upside down, she spotted Joy and semi headless Saula. She flipped the right way up, filled her lungs, and before Naddalin could stop she, screamed, And ATTACK! ATTACK!

ADDED ATTACK!

NO MORTAL OR IMPRESSION IS SAFE!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! ATTA-A-A-ACK-ing!

Smash - crash - bash- at their door after door flew open along their corridor and people flooded out.

For several long minutes, there was a scene of such confusion that Joy was in danger of being squashed and people kept standing in Headless Saula.

Naddalin found herself pinned against their wall as their teachers shouted for quiet. Professor Ashly came running, followed by her class, one of whom still had black-and-white-striped hair.

She used her wound to set off a nosey- checking bang, which restored silence, and ordered everyone back into their classes.

No like- um sooner had their scene cleared than Ernie their Unfluffy arrived, panting, on their scene.

And Caught in their act! And, Ernie yelled, her face stark white, pointing her finger dramatically at Naddalin. Besides, Fleur is not stupid, she was good enough to enter their Tizard Tournament, and said Naddalin. Named for the man that started it all

back when he was a teacher here, under potions and a magical chemist.

Then, not you as well! And said Emmah bitterly.

At that point, I suppose you like their way Phlegm says ’Any,’ do you? And, asked Jill scornfully.

And, no, and said Naddalin, wishing she had not spoken, And I was just saying Phlegm… I mean, Fleur… accordingly… I would much rather have Tonks in their family and said, Jill. And at least she is a laugh. Besides, she has not been much of a laugh lately and

said Jinger. Henceforth, every time, I have seen her she is looked more like Moaning Myrtle. Hitherto, that is not fair, snapped Emmah; she still is not over what happened… you know… I mean, she was her cousin!

-And-

Naddalin’s heart sank… They had arrived at Trius. She picked up a fork and began shoveling scrambled eggs into her mouth, hoping to deflect any invitation to join in this part of their conversation.

Furthermore, like and Trius barely knew each other! Said Jinger, besides, Trius was in Dizeryland, just outside of the land of the castle half her life and before, that their families never- ever met… so-o like, that is not their point, and said Emmah. Besides, she thinks it was her edge… he died… her dad! And she was not going to take it… that was why she was here anyway.

And how does she work that one out? And, asked Naddalin, despite herself. And, well, she was fighting Bellatrix Estrange, wasn't she? I's think

she feels that if only she had finished her off, Bellatrix could not have killed Trius.

And that is stupid and said Jinger.

And, it is a survivor’s guilt, and said Emmah. And, she and I know Lapin’s tried to talk her round, but she is still down. She is having trouble with her Metamorphosing!

And, with her…?

And she cannot change her appearance like she used to and

explained Emmah. And think her powers must have been affected by shock, or something, did not know that could happen, and said Naddalin, nor did I, and said Emmah, but I suppose if you are depressed, their door opened again and Mr.’s.

Railie popped her head in.

Jill and she whispered, and come downstairs, and help me with their lunch. I am toluene to this lot! And said Jill, outraged. Now…! Said, Mr.’s. Railie, and withdrew. She only

wants me there, so she does not have to be alone with Phlegm!

And said, Jill, crossly. She swung her long golden hair around in a particularly good imitation of Fleur and pranced across their room with her arms held aloft like a ballet dancer.

And you lot had better come down quickly too, and she said as she left.

Naddalin took advantage of their temporary silence to eat more breakfast. Emmah was peering into Céline and Katy’s boxes, though

Besides Moreover then she cast sideways looks at Naddalin. Jinger, who was now helping herself to Naddalin's toast, was still gazing dreamily at their door. Also, what is this? And, Emmah asked eventually, holding up what looked like a small telescope.

Neabah, and said Jinger, and but if Céline and Katy left it here, it is not ready for their joke shop yet, so be careful. And, and your mom said their shop is going well and said Naddalin.

And, Said Céline and Katy have a real flair for business.

That is an understatement and said Jinger.

And they are funeral Mass in their Galleons! I cannot wait to see their place, we have not been to Dagon Alley yet because Ma’ says Dad is got to be there for extra security and she is being busy at work, but it sounds excellent, and what about Percy? And, asked Naddalin; their third eldest Railie girl kid had fallen out with the rest of their family. Also, is she toluene to your mom and dad again?

Besides, nope, and said Jinger.

Nevertheless, she knows your dad was right all along now about Waltemath being back... Then at that time, and place at that very moment, Old- McDermott says folks find it far easier to forgive others for being winger than being right and said Emmah. Besides like I um- heard her telling your mom, Jinger. As well as this all sounds like their mental thing old- McDermott would say and said Jinger.

Beyond, she is going to be giving me private ledgers this year and said Naddalin conversationally.

Jinger Hayvannah on his bit of toast and Emmah gasped.

And you kept that quiet! And said Jinger.

And, only just remembered, and said Naddalin honestly. Besides, she told me last night in your broom herd.

Then, besides, further, and also- Joannah… private ledgers with Duerre! Also- said Jinger, looking impressed. Also, she and I are my girl lover wonders why she is…?

-And-

Her voice trailed away…

Naddalin saw her and Emmah exchange looks. Naddalin laid down his knife and fork, her heart beating fast considering, that all she was doing was sitting in bed. Duerre had said to do it…

Why not now? She fixed his eyes on her fork, which was gleaming in their sunlight streaming into his lap, and said, And I do not know exactly why she is going to be giving me ledgers, but I think it must be because of their prophecy.

Part: 2

Likewise, unanimously- I kissed her that night long and slow…

Neither Jinger nor Emmah spoke. Naddalin had their impression, that both had frozen. She is and was continuing, still speaking to her fork, and yes know, there one they were trying to steal at their Ministry.

Besides… Moreover, nobody knows what it said, though, and said Emmah quickly. And it got smashed, equally, besides, and although, like

their Prophet says... commenced Jinger, but then again Emmah said, Sh-h!

Equally and then their Prophet is got it right, there, same said Naddalin, looking up at them both with a heroic effort: Emmah seemed frightened and Jinger amazed. And, that glass ball that smashed was not the only record of their prophecy.

I heard their whole thing in Duerre’s office, she was their one their prophecy was made to, so she could tell me.

From what it said, And Naddalin took a deep breath, and it looks like I am their one who is got to finish off Waltemath... At least, it said neither of us could live while their other survives.

-Else-

The three of them gazed at one another in silence for a moment. Then there was a loud bang and Emmah vanished behind a puff of black smoke.

Similarly, Emmah! And, shouted

Naddalin and Jinger; their breakfast tray slid to their floor with a crash.

Emmah emerged, coughing, out of their smoke, clutching their telescope, and sporting a brilliantly purplish black eye.

And, she and I’s, squeezed it and it... it punched me! Similarly, she did as I said, she gasped, she jumped into my arms, I held her tightly.

Besides, sure enough, they now saw a tiny fist on a long spring

protruding from the end of their telescope.

Then, do not worry, similarly said Jinger, who was trying not to laugh, their same Mom will fix that, she is good at heralding minor injuries...

Similarly, and OH well, never-mind that now!

Besides said Emmah hastily. And Naddalin, oh, Naddalin...

And She sat down on their edge of her bed again, nude, and We

wondered after we got back from their Ministry...

We did not want to say anything to you, but from what Lucius Mallerie said about their prophecy, how it was about you and Waltemath, well, we thought it might be something like this...

Oh, Naddalin... and Her stared at her, then whispered, and are you scared?

-And-

Like- like- like um- not as much as I’s was and said Naddalin. And, When I first heard it, I partially was… but now, it appears I for one always- like- like I am freaking- knew I would have to face her in their end…

-Similarly-

Part: 3

And, when we heard, Duerre was collecting you in pergirl- years for flying lesions, we thought she might be telling you something or showing you something to do with their prophecy and said Jinger eagerly.

Besides, and we were right, weren't we? She would not be giving you ledgers if she thought you were a goner, would not waste her freaking-frapp'n time... she must think you have a chance!

-And-

Like sh*t- that is true and said Emmah.

Besides the wonder what she will teach you, Naddalin? Advanced defensive magic... powerful counter curses... ant jinxes...

-And-

Naddalin did not listen.

A warmth was spreading through her that had nothing to do with their sunlight; a tight obstruction in her chest seemed to be dissolving.

She knew that Jinger and Emmah were more shocked than they were letting on, but their mere fact that they were still there on either side of her, speaking bracing words of comfort, not shrinking from her as though she were contaminated or dangerous, was

worth more than she could ever tell them.

And evasive enchantments and concluded Emmah. And, well, at least you know one lesser you will be having this year, that is one more than Jinger and me. I wonder when our FLYING HORSES results will come. And our first flight testing- ones too, with our wings. IT- is like- cannot be long now, it is being a month, and said Jinger.

Um, yah- ha- hang on, and said Naddalin, as another part of last night's conversation, came back to her. And

think Duerre said our FLYING HORSES results would be arriving today!

-Equally- …Splendid…

Part: 4

HUM, today… today? Too shrieked Emmah. And today? But why did not you… oh my God… you should have said…

Besides…

She leaped to her feet.

Like, I am going to see whether any Flying horses with wings have come…

Besides like when Naddalin arrived downstairs ten minutes later, fully dressed and carrying her empty breakfast tray, it was to find Emmah sitting at their kitchen table in great agitation, while Mr.’s. Railie tried to lessen her resemblance to half and, here Also she had thrown their chain around her neck too.

And, Ready?

And, she said breathlessly.

And what are we doing?

And, Naddalin said, completely lost.

‘I reckon it is over, yah know!’ Said Deride.

Like she was still squinting towards their stadium.

‘Look there are individuals are like coming’ out already if yah two hurry you will be able to tier blend in with their crowd an’ no one will know yah were not there!’

‘Good idea,’ said Naddalin.

‘Well… see you later, then, deride.’

‘I do not believe her,’ said Emmah in a very unsteady voice, their moment they were out of earshot of Deride.’ I do not believe her; I do not believe her.’

‘Calm down,’ said Naddalin.

‘Calm down!’ She said feverishly…

‘A giant…! A giant in their Forest! Also, there, we are supposed to give her English books!

Always assuming, unquestionably, we can get past their herd of murderous centaurs on their way in and out! I do not believe her!'

'We do not have to do anything yet!'

Naddalin tried to reassure her in a quiet voice, as they joined a stream of jabbering Silva heading back towards their castle.

She's not asking us to do anything unless she gets chucked out and that might not even happen.'

‘Oh, come off it, Naddalin!’ Said Emmah angrily, stopping dead in her tracks so that their people behind had to swerve to avoid her.

‘Of course, she is going to be chucked out and, to be perfectly honest, after what we have just seen, who can blame Ambridge?’

~*~

Look there is the old Rockville bridge…

Haven was feeling homesick why I do not know she flies down to is and haunt, like the girl before her.

~*~

(The here and now)

There was a pause in which Naddalin glared at her, and her eyes filled with tears.

‘You did not mean that,’ said Naddalin quietly.

Chapter: 148

Part: 1

‘No… well… all right… I did not,’ she said, wiping her eyes angrily. ’But why does she have to make life so difficult for herself for us?’ ‘Nah…’

‘Railie is our Queen, Railie is our Queen, she did not let their Quaffed in, Railie is da’ queen…’

‘And I wish they would stop singing that stupid girl,’ said Emmah miserably,’ haven’t they gloated enough?’

A great tide of students was moving up their sloping lawns from their pitch.

‘Oh, let us get in before we must meet there

Andreasen's,’ said Emmah.’ Railie can save anything, her never-ever leaves a single ring, that is why.

Amsel’s all sing: Railie is our Queen.’

‘Emmah…’ said Naddalin flying horses.

Part: 2

The girl was growing louder, but it was issuing not from a crowd of emerald and cream clad Andreasen's,

but from a mass of alizarin and cream moving slowly towards their castle, orange with cream and then also aqua and cream, bearing a solitary figure upon its many shoulders. All the colors of our girls' teams- each with their coat of arms.

‘Railie is our Queen, Railie is our Queen, her did not let their Quaffed in, Railie is our Queen…’

‘No?’ Said Emmah in a hushed voice.

‘YES!’ Said Naddalin loudly.

‘NADDALIN! EMMAH!’ Yelled Jinger, waving their cream Claepsiara cup in their air, quite beside herself.

‘WE DID IT! WE WON!’

They beamed up at her as she passed. There was a scrum at the door of their castle and Jinger’s head got badly bumped on their lintel, but nobody seemed to want to put her down.

Still singing, their crowd squeezed itself into their Entrance Hall and out of sight.

Naddalin and Emmah watched them go, beaming until their last Hayvanna strains of' Railie is our Queen' died away.

Then they turned to each other, their smiles fading.

'Well save our news till Hayvanna- harrow, shall we?' Said Naddalin.

'Yes, all right,' said Emmah wearily.' I'm not in any hurry.'

They climbed their steps together. At their Jigger doors both

instinctively looked back at their Forbidden Forest.

Naddalin was not sure whether it was his imagination, but she thought she saw a small cloud of birds erupting into their air over their treetops in their distance, as though their tree in which they had been nesting had just been pulled up by their roots.

Jinger’s euphoria at helping Amsel scrape their Claepsiara cup was such that she could not settle to anything the next day.

All she wanted to do was talk over their match, so Naddalin and Emmah found it exceedingly difficult to find an opening in which to mention Graw.

Not that either of them tried extremely hard; neither was keen to be there one to bring Jinger back to reality in quite such a brutal fashion.

As it was another fine, warm day, they persuaded her to join them in revising under their beech tree at the edge of their lake, where they had less

chance of being overheard than in their common room.

Jinger was not particularly keen on this idea at first- she was thoroughly enjoying being patted on their back by every Amsel who walked past her chair, not to mention their occasional outbursts of' Railie is our Queen…' Yet, but after a while, she agreed that some fresh air might do her good.

They spread their books out in the shade of their beech tree and sat down while Jinger talked them through

her first save of their match for what felt like there dozenth time.

‘Well, I mean, I had already let in that one of Daviess, so I was not feeling all that confident, but I Neabah, when Bradley came towards me, just out of nowhere, I thought um- you can do this!

Part: 3

And I had about a second to decide which way to fly, you know, because she looked like she was aiming for there right goal hoop my right, obviously, his left but I had a funny

feeling that she was fainting, and so, I took their chance and flew left her right, I mean and well you saw what happened,' she then concluded modestly, sweeping her hair back quite unnecessarily so that it looked interestingly windswept and glancing around to see whether there people nearest to them - a bunch of gossiping third year Silva - had heard her.

'And then when Chambers came to me about five minutes later…'

'What?' Jinger asked, having stopped mid-sentence at their look on

Naddalin’s face. ‘Why are you grinning?’

‘I’m not,’ said Naddalin quickly, and looked down at her Transfiguration notes, trying to straighten her face.

The truth was that Jinger had just reminded Naddalin forcibly of another Amsel Claepsiara player who had once sat rumpling his hair under this very tree.’ I’m only glad we won, that is all.’

‘Yeah,’ said Jinger sullying, savoring their words,’ yes we won. Did

you see their look on Changes face when Jill got there Snitch right out from under her nose?'

'I suppose she cried, did she?' Said Naddalin bitterly.

'Well, yes more out of temper than anything, though…' Jinger frowned slightly. 'But you saw her chuck her broom away when she got back to their ground, didn't you?'

'Err,' said Naddalin.

'Well, … no, Jinger,' said Emmah with a heavy sigh, putting

down her book and Pa. at her apologetically.’ There only a bit of their match Naddalin and I saw was Davies's first goal.’

Jinger’s carefully ruffled hair seemed to wilt with disappointment. ‘You did not watch?’ She said faintly, Pa. from one to three other.

‘You did not see me make any of those saves?’ ‘Well, no,’ said Emmah, stretching out a placatory hand towards her. ‘Nonetheless Jinger, we did not want to leave - we had to!’

‘Yeah?’ said Jinger, whose face was growing enflamed. ‘How come…?’

‘It was Deride,’ said Naddalin. She decided to tell us why she is being covered in injuries ever since she got back from their giants. She wanted us to go into their Forest with her, we had no choice, you know how she gets, anyway…’

The story was told in five minutes, by their end of which Jinger’s indignation had been replaced by a look of total incredulity.

‘She brought one back and hid it in their Forest?’

‘Yes,’ said Naddalin appallingly.

‘No,’ said Jinger, as though by saying this she could make it untrue.’ No, she cannot have.’

‘Well, she has,’ said Emmah definitely.’

Grasps about sixteen feet tall, enjoys ripping up twenty-foot pine trees, and knows me,’ she snorted,’ as she…’

Jinger gave a nervous laugh.

‘And Deride wants us to…?’

Teach her English, yes,’ said Naddalin.

‘She’s lost her mind,’ said Jinger in an almost awed voice.

Part: 4

‘OH-Yes,’ said Emmah irritably, turning a page of Intermediate Transfiguration and glaring at a series of diagrams showing some Flying horses turning into a pair of opera glasses.

‘Yes, yes, yes- I am starting to think she has. But unfortunately, she made Naddalin and my promise.’

‘Well, you are just going to have to break your promise, that is all,’ said Jinger firmly. ‘I mean, come on… we have exams and where about that far’ she then held up her hand to show thumb and forefinger almost touching…’ from being chucked out as it is. And anyway… remember- Norrah?

Remember Aragon? Have we ever come off better for mixing with any of Derides monster mates?’

‘I know, it is just that we promised,’ said Emmah in a small voice.

Jinger smoothed his hair flat again, seemingly- preoccupied.

‘Well,’ the sides, ‘Deride has not been sacked yet, has she? Her hung on this long, she’ll hang on until their end of term and we will not have to go near Graw at all.’

Their castle grounds were gleaming in their sunlight as though freshly painted; their cloudless sky smiled at itself in their smoothly

sparkling lake; their satin green lawns rippled occasionally in a gentle breeze. June had arrived, but in their fifth years, this meant only one thing: their flying horses with wings whereupon term at last.

Their teachers were no longer setting term homework; ledgers were devoted to revising those topics their teachers thought most likely to come up in their exams.

Their purposeful, feverish atmosphere drove everything but their Flying horses with wings from

Naddalin’s mind, though she did wonder occasionally during Potion's ledgers whether Sevket had ever told Gonzales that she must continue giving Naddalin Occlumency tuition. If she had then Gonzales had ignored Sevket as thoroughly as she was now ignoring Naddalin.

This suited Naddalin is overly sweet. well; she was quite busy and tense enough without extra classes with snaps,’ and to her relief, Emmah was much too preoccupied these days to badger her about Occlumency; she

was spending a lot of time muttering to herself and had not laid out any elf clothes for days.

He was not their only pergirl acting oddly as their Flying horses with wings drew steadily nearer. Ernie Macmillan had developed an irritating habit of interrogating people about their revision practices.

‘How many hours you think you are doing a day?’ So-o she demanded of Naddalin and Jinger as they queued outside Herbology, a manic gleam in her eyes.

‘Nah,’ said Jinger. ‘A few…’

‘Then eight?’

‘Less, I’s-pose,’ said Jinger, slightly alarmed.

‘I’m doing eight,’ said Ernie, puffing out her chest.

‘Eight or nine. I am getting an hour before breakfast every day. Eights my average. I can do ten on a good weekend day. I did nine and a half on Monday. Not so good on Tuesday, only seven and a quarter. Then on Wednesday…’

Naddalin was deeply thankful that Professor Burgeon seed term into greenhouse three at that point, forcing Ernie to abandon his recital.

Meanwhile, Draco Mallerie had found a unique way to induce terror.

‘Of course, it is not what you know,’ she was heard to tell Crabbe and Gayle loudly outside Potions a few days before their exams where to start,’ it’s who you know. Now,

Daddy is being friendly with their head of their- Wizarding Examinations Authority for years - old

Annette Valdez banks we have had her round for dinner and everything…'

'Do you think that is true?' Emmah whispered in alarm to Naddalin and Jinger.

'Nothing we can do about it if it is,' said Jinger gloomily.

Naddalin-'I's do not think it is true,' said.

Neville quietly from behind them.' Because Annette Valdez Rows, is a friend of my grants, and she is never-ever mentioned there Malleries.'

‘What is she like, Neville?’ Asked Emmah at once.’ Is she strict…?’

Part: 5

‘Well, she has,’ said Emmah firmly.’ Grasps about sixteen feet tall, enjoys ripping up twenty-foot pine trees, and knows me,’ she snorted,’ as Emmah.’ Jinger gave a nervous laugh…

‘Then deride wants us to…?’

‘Teach her English, yes,’ said Naddalin.

‘She’s lost his mind,’ said Jinger in an almost awed voice.

‘Yes,’ said Emmah irritably, turning a page of Intermediate Transfiguration, and glaring at a series of diagrams showing a flying angel like me, and she is turning into a pair of performance glasses.’ Yes, I am starting to think she has. But unfortunately, she made

Naddalin and I promise.’

‘Well, you are just going to have to break your promise, that is all,’ said Jinger firmly.’ I mean, come on… we have exams and were about that far…’ She held up his hand to show

thumb and forefinger almost touching’ from being chucked out as it is.

And anyway… remember Norrah?

Remember Samorah?

Have we ever come off better for mixing with any of derides monster mates?’

‘I’s know, it is just that we promised,’ said Emmah in a small voice.

Jinger smoothed his hair flat again, going from one world into

another- into and over many lands, seaming yet again preoccupied.

‘Well,’ she side,’ Deride has not been sacked yet, has she? She is hung on this long; shell hang on till there end of term and we will not have to go near Graw at all.’

The castle grounds were gleaming in their sunbeams as though freshly painted; the cloudless sky beamed at itself in there effortlessly sparkling lake; there satin green lush lawns rippled sporadically in a gentle breeze.

June had arrived, but in their fifth years, this meant only one thing: their Flying horses with wings whereupon them at last.

Their teachers were no longer setting them homework; ledgers were devoted to revising those topics their teachers thought most likely to come up in their exams.

The purposeful, feverish atmosphere drove everything but with their wings from Naddalin’s mind, though she did wonder occasionally during Potion's ledgers whether Sevket

had ever told Gonzales that she must continue giving Naddalin Occlumency tuition.

If her hands, then Gonzales had ignored Sevket as thoroughly as she was now ignoring Naddalin. This suited Naddalin very well; she was quite busy and tense enough without extra classes with Gonzales, and to his relief, Emmah was much too preoccupied these days to badger her about Occlumency; she was spending a lot of time muttering to herself and had not laid out any fairy clothes for days.

She was not there only particular acting oddly as their flying horses with wings drew steadily nearer. Ernie Macmillan had developed an irritating habit of interrogating folks about their revision practices.

‘How many hours you think you are doing a day?’

She demanded of Naddalin and Jinger as they queued outside of biology a manic gleam in her eyes.

‘I- neither’ said Jinger.’ A few times.’

‘Then eight?’

‘Less, I'm s-pose,’ said Jinger, slightly more alarmed.

‘I’m doing all right,’ said Ernie, puffing out her chest.’ Eight or nine, I am getting an hour before breakfast every day.

Eights my average, I can do ten on a good weekend day.

I did nine and a half on Monday. Not so good on Tuesday only seven and a quarter; then on Wednesday Naddalin was deeply

thankful that Professor Burgeon seeds them into orangery three at that point, forcing Ernie to abandon his recital.

Meanwhile, Drallieah Mallerie had found a unique way to induce terror.

‘Of course, it is not what you know,’ she was heard- to tell Carllah and Sayale loudly outside Potions a few days before their exams where to start,’ it’s who you know. Now, Daddy is being friendly with their head of their wizarding from dream angels, too dark ones, too angle of death, to demon

angels- examinations authorities for years old Annette Valdez Rows, um like we have had her round for dinner and, everything…'

'Do you think that is so-o?' Emmah then whispered in alarm to Naddalin and Jinger.

Nothing we can do about it if it is,' said Jinger gloomily.

'I do not think it is true,' said Neville quietly from behind them.' Because Annette Valdez Rows is a friend of my grants, and she is never

mentioned there Malleries.’ ’What is she like,

Neville?’ Asked Emmah at once.’ Is she strict…?’

‘Bit like Nanna, really,’ said Neville in an unresponsive voice.

‘Knowing she will not hurt your chances, though, will it?’ Jinger told her hearteningly. ‘Oh, I do not think it will make any difference,’ said Neville, still more dejectedly.

‘Nanas always telling Professor Valdez Rows, I am not as good as my

dad… well… you saw what she is like at St. Songoalz’s, Neville looked fixedly at their floor. Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah glanced at each other but did not know what to say.

Part: 6

It was there first-time Neville had to attract flying horses edged that they had met at their wizarding hospital.

Meanwhile, a flourishing black-market trade in aids to concentration, mental agility, and wakefulness had

sprung up among their fifth and seventh years.

(Back)

Naddalin and Jinger were much tempted by their bottle of Baurioids Brain Elixir offered to them by Raven claw the sixth year Ellieah Carmichael, who swore it was solely responsible for their nine' Outstanding' Flying horses with wings her had gained there earlier summer and was offering a whole pint for a mere twelve Galleons.

Jinger assured Naddalin she would reimburse her for his half there

moment her left SKOUFYCEOL and got a job, but before they could close their deal, Emmah had confiscated their bottle from Carmichael and poured their contents down a toilet.

‘Emmah, we wanted to buy that!’ Shouted Jinger.

‘Don’t be stupid,’ she snarled at me like a girly dog in heat. ‘You might as well take Hanna Dingle's powdered dark angels to claw and have done with it.’

‘Dingles got powdered dark angels' claw?’ said Jinger eagerly.

‘Not anymore,’ said Emmah. ‘I'm confiscated that, too. None of these things work, you know.’

‘Dark Angels' claw does work!’ Said Jinger. It is supposed to be incredible, really gives your brain a boost, you come over all cunning for a few hours Emmah, let me have a pinch, go on, it cannot hurt ‘This stuff can,’ said Emmah grimly. ‘I’ve had a look at it, and it is dried Doxy droppings.’

This information took their edge off Naddalin and Jigger's desire for brain stimulants.

They received their examination timetables and details of their procedure for Flying horses with wings during their next Transfiguration lesson.

‘As you can see,’ Professor Ashly told their class as they copied down their dates and times of their exams from their blackboard,’ you’re Flying horses with wings are spread over two successive weeks. You will sit their theory papers in their mornings, and their repetition in their afternoons.

Your practical Stingray examination will, of course, take place at night.

‘Now, I must warn you that there most stringent antic hating charms have been as applied to your examination papers.

Auto Answering Typewriters, along with crammed notes books are banned from their examination hall, as are remember-rings, metal- nibbed pre-teen wing-feather pens- with hexes, and fairy-correcting wing ink that is invisible on less charmed on the paper by the user.

Every year, I am afraid to say, seems to the harbor at least one student who thinks that she or she can get around their Wizarding Examinations Authority’s rules.

I can only hope that it is nobody in Amsel.

Our new Headmistress’ Professor Ashly inference their word with their same look on her face that Aunt Jennath had whenever she was contemplating a particularly stubborn bit of dirt…

‘Has asked their Heralds of House to tell their schoolchildren, that cheating will be punished most severely, because, of course, your examination results will reflect upon there

Headmistress’s new regime at their Hayvannah.’

Professor Ashly gave a tiny sigh; Naddalin saw their nostrils of her sharp nose flare.

Part: 7

‘Like however, that is no regard to do your absolute best. You have your, futures to think about.’

‘Please, Professor,’ said Emmah, her hand in their air, ‘when will we find out our results?’

A flying horse will be sent to you sometime in July-’ said Professor Ashly.

‘Excellent,’ said Lacy Thomas in an audible whisper, ‘so-o we do not have to worry about it until the day’s off.’

(Feelings)

Naddalin she imagined sitting in his bedroom in Privet Drive in six weeks…' time, waiting for her FLYING HORSES results.

Well, her thought uninterestingly, at least she would be sure of one bit of post that summer.

Their first examination, Theory of Charms were scheduled for Monday morning.

I- Naddalin thought about this: charm-ed lives she thought… the only

one like me I know of had that- and even then, she had hell to pay… to her.

Naddalin agreed to test Emmah after lunch on Sunday but regretted it at once; she was very agitated and kept snatching their book back from her to check that she had gotten there answer completely right, finally hitting her hard on their nose with their sharp edge of accomplishments in charming.

‘Why do not you just do it yourself?’ She said firmly, handing their book back to her, his eyes watering.

Meanwhile, Jinger was reading two years' worth of Charms notes with his fingers in his ears, his lips moving soundlessly; Laila Finnigan was lying flat on his back on their floor, reciting their definition of a Substantive Charm while Lacy checked it against' The Standard Book of Spells,' Grade 5; and Parvati and Lavender, who were practicing basic Locomotion Charms, were making their pencil cases race each other around the edge of their table.

Part: 8

Dinner was a subdued affair that night.

Naddalin and Jinger did not talk much, but ate with gusto, having studied hard all day.

Emmah, on their other hand, kept putting down her knife and fork and diving under their table for her bag, from which she would seize a book to check some fact or figure.

Jinger was just telling her that she ought to eat a decent meal, or she would not sleep that night when her

fork slid from her limp fingers and landed with a loud tinkle on her plate.

‘Oh, my goodness,’ she said faintly, staring into their Entrance Hall. ’Is that them? Is that their examiners?’

Naddalin and Jinger whipped around on their bench. Through their doors to their Great Hall, they could see Ambridge standing with a small group of ancient Pa. watchers and wizards and fallen girl angels like them.

Ambridge, Naddalin was pleased to see, looked nervous. Shall we have a closer look?’ Said Jinger.

Naddalin and Emmah nodded, and they hastened towards their double doors into their Entrance Hall, slowing down as they stepped over their threshold to walk sedately past their assessors.

Naddalin thought Professor Valdez Rows must be their tiny, stooped witch with a face so lined it looked as though it had been draped in cobwebs; Ambridge was sequin to her deferentially.

Professor Valdez Rows seemed to be a little deaf; she was answering

Professor Ambridge very loudly considering they were only a foot apart.

‘Journey was fine, the journey was fine, we have made it plenty of times before!’ She said- intolerantly… ‘Now, I have not heard from Duerre lately!’ she added, gazing around their Hall as though hoping she might suddenly emerge from a broom cupboard. ‘No idea where she is, I’s suppose?’

Part: 9

‘None at all,’ said Ambridge, shooting a malevolent look at Naddalin,

Jinger, and Emmah, who were now dawdling around their foot of their stairs as Jinger pretended to do up his shoelace. ‘Nevertheless, I’s daresay their Ministry of Magic will track her down soon enough.’

‘I'm so-o, doubt it,’ shouted tiny Professor Valdez Rows, ‘not if Duerre does not want to be found!

I’s should know… examined her partially in Transfiguration and Charms when she did Newts… did things with a wand I had never seen before.’

‘Yes… well…’ said Professor Ambridge as Naddalin, Jinger and Emmah dragged their feet up their marble staircase as flying horses as they dared.

‘Um- let me show you to their staff room.’

‘I daresay you would like a cup of tea after your journey.’

It was an uncomfortable sort of evening.

Everyone was trying to do some last-minute revising, but nobody seemed to be getting extremely far.

Naddalin went to bed early but then lay awake for what felt like hours.

She remembered her career consultation and Ashly's furious declaration, and that she would help her become an Aurora if it were their last thing she did.

And- she wished she had expressed a more achievable ambition now that exam time was here.

She knew she was not their only one lying awake, but then again, like none of their others in their dormitory spoke, and finally, one by one, they fell asleep.

None of their fifth years talked very much at breakfast the next day, either: Parvati was practicing incantations under her breath while their salt cellar in Jigger of her twitched.

Emmah was rereading Achievements in Charming so fast that her eyes appeared blurred, and Neville

kept dropping his knife and fork and conquer over their marmalade.

Emmah turned their hourglass over three times.

Their dark ward dissolved. Naddalin had their sensation that she was flying amazingly fast, backward. A blur of colors and shapes ruler past her, his ears were pounding, she tried to yell but could not hear his voice – I hear voices…

And then she felt solid ground beneath his feet, and everything came into focus again – AND - she was

standing next to Emmah in their deserted entrance hall and a stream of golden sunlight was falling across their paved floor from their open Jigger doors. She looked wildly around at Emmah, the chain of their hourglass cutting into his neck.

And, what?

And…

And here! Also… Emmah seized, Naddalin’s arm and dragged her across their hall to their door of a broom closet; she opened it, pushed her

inside among their Beccaets and mops, then slammed their door behind them.

Beyond all that crap, what and the- how - Emmah, what happened?

-Besides-

Likewise, we have gone back in time,

And Emmah whispered, lifting their chain off Naddalin’s neck in their darkness. And three hours back…

-Besides-

Part: 10

Naddalin-’I enjoy giving oral to all my girlfriends!’

Anyways back to the story-

I remember when-

Naddalin found her leg and gave it an extremely hard pinch. It hurt a lot, which seemed to rule out their possibility that she was having a very bizarre dream.

Also, Listen!

Someone is coming! I think I do think it is – I-I think it might be us! And,

Emmah had her ear pressed against their cupboard door.

And Footsteps across their hall… yes, it is us going down to Dargide's!

And…

And are you telling me, and Naddalin thought, and that we are here in this cupboard, and we are out there too?

Besides, and yes, and said Emmah, her ear still glued to their storeroom door. And I am sure it is us.

It does not sound like more than three people… and we are Wal queen flying horses because we are under their Invisibility Robe – and…

She broke off, still listening fixedly.

And, we have gone down their finger steps…

And…

Emmah sat down on an overturned Beccaet, Pa. desperately anxious, but Naddalin wanted a few questions answered.

And where did you get that hourglass thing?

-And-

And, it is called a Time-Turner, And Emmah whispered, And I got it from Professor Ashly on our first day back.

I have been using it all year to get to all my instructions. Professor Ashly made me swear I would not tell anyone.

She had to write all sorts of literature to their Ministry of Magic so I could have one.

She had to tell them that I was a model student and that I would never, ever use it for anything except my studies… I have been turning it back, so I could do hours over again, that is how I have been doing several lessons at once, see?

But… and Naddalin, I do not understand what Duerre wants us to do. Why did she tell us to go back for three hours? How is that going to help

Trius? And Naddalin stared at her shadowy face.

And there must be something that happened around now she wants us to change, and she said flying horses. And, what ensued? We were Wal queen down to Darcie’s three hours ago, And, this is three hours ago, and we are Wal queen down to Darcie’s and said Emmah. And we just heard ourselves leaving… And Naddalin frowned; she felt as though she were screwing up the whole brain in concentration.

And, Duerre just said - just said we could save more than one innocent life…And then it hit her. And we are going to save Becca beak!

And so-o!

And, but - how will that help Trius?

-Similarly-

And, Duerre said - she just told us where their window is - their window of Flitwick’s office!

Where they have, Trius locked up! We must fly Becca beak up to their

window and rescue Trius! Trius can escape on Becca beak - they can escape together!

-Equally-

From what Naddalin could see of Emma’s face, she looked terrified.

And, if we manage that without being seen, it will be a miracle! Equally…

And, well, we must try, haven’t we? And said Naddalin. She stood up and pressed his ear in contradiction to their door. And does not sound like

anyone is there… Come on, let us go. And Naddalin pushed open their closet door. Their entrance hall was deserted. As quietly and quickly as they could, they darted out of their closet and down their ‘the body of Neveah’ steps.

Their glooms were already lengthening, the tops of their trees in the Forbidden Forest gilded once more with gold.

~*~

And, if anyone is peeping out of their window -and Emmah squeaked- up at their castle behind them.

See we all go back to Earth whenever we want living dibble lives… angels on Earth… and showing is true colors here… my girls are all from parts of Pennsylvania… odd, yet we did get homesick, of the old town and old bodies, that we once hand and life within. until you have an outer body expression you and we do not get have I mean here.’ I always thought that I would be stuck with me all my life- nope I in the body of girls on Earth, into them- and as me too… as a supercritical body.

Besides, we will run for it, and said Naddalin unwaveringly. Also, straight into their forest, all right? We must hide behind a tree or something and keep a lookout…

-And-

And, okay, but we'll go around by their greenhouses!' said Emmah breathlessly. And we need to keep out of sight of Darcie's Jigger door, or we will see us! We must be at Darcie's by now!

-And-

Still torquing out what she meant, Naddalin set off at a sprint, Emmah behind her.

Theory tore across their vegetable gardens to their greenhouses, paused for a moment behind them, then set off again, fast as they could, skirting around their Whopping Willow, tearing toward the shelter of their forest…

Safe in the obscurities of their trees, Naddalin turned around; seconds later, Emmah arrived beside her, panting.

And, right, and she gasped. And we need to sneak over to Darcie's… Keep out of sight,

Naddalin…

-And-

The theory made their way silently through their trees, keeping to the very edge of their forest. Then, as they glimpsed their Jigger of Darcie's home, they heard a knock upon his door.

Theory moved quickly behind a wide oak trunk and peered out from

either side. Deride had appeared in his doorway, with a dark wing out, Pa. around to see who had knocked.

Besides Naddalin heard her voice.

Besides, it is us. We are wearing their Invisibility Robe. Let us in and we can take it off. And… I take off flying around the land with my fallen dark wings spread to swore… And should have come! And deride supposed. She stood back, then shut their door quickly. Also, some matter, this is their weirdest thing we have

ever done, And Naddalin said fervently. And let us move along a bit, And Emmah whispered. And we need to get nearer to Becca beak!

-Equally-

Chapter: 149

Part: 1

(Remembering- days like these)

Theory crept through their trees until they saw their nervous Ashlynn, tethered to their fence around Darcie’s pumpkin patch.

And now?

At once, Naddalin whispered.

Besides, not at all! And said Emmah.

Besides, if we steal her now, those committee individuals will think Deride set her free! We must wait until they have seen she is tied outside!

Besides, some?

And that is going to give us about sixty seconds and said Naddalin. This was starting to seem unbearable.

At that moment, there was a crash of China from inside Darcie’s cabin.

And That’s Deride Brea queen their milk jug, And Emmah whispered. And I am going to find Stabbers in a moment.

-Besides-

~*~

Haven- ’You know the good thing about digging your own grave, at the graveyard at a young teen she-boy? You always make it just the right size,

and still have the strength to do is you cry like a girl yet shovel like a man.’ Her eyes were large and very clear- and very blue now she had come over- yet want to be dark, like us instead, she came over to the dark side, even if she was excepted as she was… it was on her.

There are two types of individuals in the world- to me, and the girls that are telling yet another chapter of their life… some matter to the story and those who do not. My whole life, my ma was the only person I

felt comfortable talking to- even after she passed- I was it- now I did it to her too and those two are it and lost without me- yet I thought I was a pain in the butt.'

'Why is that? 'I think,' the girls even said, everybody needs that one person, you know? The one person they can talk to and be not having it… so-o. Gee- my old love once told me to tell him all the songs that make me cry.

Staind- 'Something to Remind You' I say goodbye- to this chapter of my ever-changing life.

And there are mistakes…

The path is long, and I am sure I will answer them when I am gone. So, when the day comes, and the sun will not touch my face.

Tell the ones who cared enough that I finally left this place that has been so cold, look at my face, All the stories it will tell I cannot erase.

The road is long, yet just one more song, a little something to remind you when I am gone… when I am gone-

The road to hell, along the way-
is paved with good intentions so they say, and some believe, that no good deed, that goes unpunished in the end or so it seems, and so when the day comes, and the sun won't touch my face, tell the ones who cared enough, that I have finally left this place; that's been so cold Look at my face, all the stories it will tell I can't erase, the road is long, Just one more song, a little something to remind you when I'm gone; when I'm gone.

So-o, this is it, I say goodbye, to this chapter of my ever-changing life, and there are mistakes, the path was long, and I am sure I will answer for them when I am gone, When I am gone.

You were the ones, I thought about- this can remind you.

Why- I did not know- yet, he and she, wanted to know my favorite books, favorite movies, if my heart were ever broken and by whom- that one I could give now, and it was him and then her… they said, 'I want to know everything that makes you-you-

well now you know- nothing- there not anything left, and nothing there… just this to remind you…

Part: 2

Anyhow- sure enough, a few minutes later, they heard Emma’s shriek of surprise.

And Emmah, and said Naddalin suddenly, and what if we just run in there and grab Jettigrew…

-And-

And, No! And said Emmah in a terrified whisper. And do not you

understand? We are Brea queen one of their most important wizarding laws! Nobody is supposed to change time, nobody!

You heard Duerre if we are seen…

-And-

So-o-

And we would only be seen by ourselves and deride!

Besides, … Naddalin, what do you think you would do if you saw yourself bursting into Darcie’s house?

And said Emmah. I would - I would think I had gone mad, and said Naddalin, And or I would think some Dark Magic was going on.

-And-

Exactly! You would not understand; you might even attack yourself! Don’t you see it? Professor Ashly told me what awful things have happened when wizards have meddled with time… Loads of them ended up killing their past or future selves by mistake!

Additionally- Okay! Said Naddalin. And, it was just an idea, I just thought...

-Besides-

Like us all- we have a tough time keeping my hands off you without that, additional extra.

Part: 3

Naddalin- I nibbled my lower lip, and if you could see into my past just by touching her, I would have a tough time resisting the temptation too. Yet that was all it took... one touch. We

all of us girl was not searching for sanctity, sacredness, purity; these things are found after this life, not in this life; but in this life, I, we, and they too- search to be completely human, and feel less than so-o to feel, to give, to take, to laugh, to get lost, to be found, to dance, to love and to lust, to be so human, that is we did not need to be.

But Emmah nudged her and pointed toward their castle. Naddalin moved her heard a few inches to get a clear view of their distant finger doors.

Duerre, Harlan, their old Board member, and Nunez their executioner was coming down their steps. Folks wait around too long for love. Yet I like my girls we are happy with all my lusts, wrong or not! And we are about to come out!

And, Emmah breathed, so what.

And sure enough, moments later, Darcie's back door opened, and Naddalin saw herself, Jinger, and Emmah Wal queen out of it with Deride. It was, without a doubt, their

strangest sensation of his life, standing behind their tree, and watching herself in their pumpkin patch.

I do not know why folks are afraid of lust like me with a girl. I can imagine that they are very afraid of me- and the girls that are like me, for I have a great lust for everything, like her. A lust for life, a lust for how the summer heated street feels beneath my feet, a lust for the touch of another is the skin on my skin… a lust for everything- yet most of her- or even him every- now and then. I even lust after things that I

can have like a spell. Yes, I am very lusty and very dark… yet am I? I remember- loving boys when- I was down there, as a whole girl not as half and half… said, Emma.

I looked at her she smiled. Her pale lips sought hers, crushing her into a kiss like dying. She tasted sweetness there, as though he still kissed her with honey and sugar on his tongue. When he pulled away, her eyes excelled. I have a thing for her- and she- with me…

As I said, magic comes from life, and especially from emotions. They are a source of the same imperceptible energy that everyone… I, we, we can feel when an autumn moon rises… and gravity fall. Fly high or not at all… and fills us with a sudden sense of deep enthusiasm.

And when- like the first warm, breeze gusts of spring rushes past your face…

A time and a place… like full of the aromata of life…

It also drowns you in a sudden flood of unreasoning delight, enjoyment, and pleasure.

The passion of mighty music, that brings tears to your eyes, and the raw fizzy, infectious laughter of small children at play, the bellowing power of an arena full of football fans shouting ’Hey!’ in time to that damned song- they are all charged with magic, yet I have more than that to feed my lust for this need. ‘My magic comes from the same places, deep down within you and me- her and she- too.’

Maybe- Just maybe- from darker places than that- maybe…? (I thought…)

Fear is an emotion, besides…

So is anger… if you want it too…

So is lust… magical…

Lust- is madness…

Madness is magic…

~*~

Naddalin- us all- would say this… all that have fallen- dark or even light…

I am not a particularly good person, this I know, but I am not going to be up for canonization either; so, stop with those accusations.

Though in the past, I was a better person… even if some say not… than I am today.

Should or should I not be happy… what do you say?

In the past… that haunts us with the spell…

I had seen so many people hurt and killed and terrorized by the same kind of power that I love- used for hate, that damn well should have been making the world a nicer place…

No… that is not how I saw it- neither did they that fall with me.

Or at the least staying it- the abyss away from it is better… that what I thought of them.

Abyss is not as bad as the netherworld here… that is the wizard-falling angel world is where I like to be.

I had not made so many mistakes back then and now too, so many shortsighted decisions, some of which had cost people their lives… and mine too

I had been sure of myself. I had been whole.’

Part: 4

(Story)

Naddalin- And, it is okay, Beaky, it is okay… to feel this way she said to her… then she turned to Naddalin, Jinger, and Emmah. And go on… Get going, we will tell them what happened.

And they cannot kill her… they cannot… And go! It's bad enough without you a lot of trouble n' all! Naddalin watched their Emmah in their pumpkin patch throw their Invisibility Robe over her and Jinger. Go quick. Deanah listen… There was a knock-on Darcie's finger door. Their execution

party had arrived. Deride turned, around and headed back into his cabin, leaving their back door ajar.

Naddalin watched their grass flatten in pitchers all around their cabin and heard three pairs of feet retreating. She, Jinger, and Emmah had gone… but their Naddalin and Emmah hidden in their trees could now hear what was happening inside their cabin through their back door. And where is their beast? It was it came to the cold voice of Nunez.

And Out - outside and deride croaked.

Naddalin pulled his head out of sight as Nunez’s face appeared at Darcie’s window, staring out at Becca's beak. Then they heard Harlan.

And We - err - must read you their official notice of execution, Deride.

I will make it quick... And then you and Nunez need to sign it. Nunez, you are supposed to listen too, that is the procedure- And Nunez’s face

vanished from their window. It was now or never.

And…

Wait here, And Naddalin whispered to Emmah. And I will do it.

And, As Harlan’s voice started again,

Naddalin darted out from behind his tree, vaulted their fence into their pumpkin patch, and approached Becca beak.

And it is their decision of their Committee for their Disposal of

Dangerous Creatures that their Ashlynn for the house of the flying horses, in colors- Gray and Red, Becca in beak, hereafter called they are condemned, shall she be executed on their seventh of June at sundown and Careful not to blink, Naddalin stared up into Becca beak's fierce auburn eyes once more and bowed. Becca beak sank to his scaly knees and then stood up again.

Naddalin began to fumble with their knot of rope tying Becca beak to their fence.

‘The fear of death shadows-follows from the fear of life…’ (thought) and, sentenced to execution by beheading, to be carried out by their committee’s chosen assassin, Walden Nunez …

And come on Becca beak, and Naddalin whispered, and come on, we are going to help you.

Quietly… quietly… And as saw below.

Deride, you sign here…

~*~

Do not be afraid of your fears… I thought… Why? They are not there to scare you.

Like- They're there to let you know that something- or anything- all things- are worth going for.

~*~

Naddalin threw all her weight onto their rope, but Becca beak had dug in her Jigger feet.

Well, let us get this over with, and said their reedy voice of their committee member from inside

Darcie’s cabin. Élite, it will be better if you stay inside.

No, I - I want’ tier be with her… I Deanah ’wan’ her tier be alone - And… U- NO.

Footsteps heavenized from within their cabin.

Also… Becca beak, move! And Naddalin hissed.

Naddalin tugged harder on their rope around Becca's beak’s neck. There Ashlynn began to walk, rustling its wings impatiently. A theory was still

ten feet away from their forest, in plain view of Darcie’s back door. Then, one moment, please, Nunez and came Duerre’s voice.

And you need to sign too. And their footsteps stopped. Naddalin heaved on their rope. Becca beak snapped his beak and walked a little faster.

Emma’s white face was stoutening out from behind a tree.

And Naddalin, hurry! And she mouthed.

Naddalin could still hear Duerre’s singing toluene from within their cabin. she gave their rope another wrench. Becca beak broke into a grudging canter. The theory had reached their trees…

Cowards- like me, die many times before their deaths, it was what we had to see before final death; The valiant never-ever sensitivity of death but once. Of all the phenomena that I’s, yet have caught, um like-It seems to me most bizarre that young girls like me- like you- should fear; seeing that death,

a necessary end, will come when it will arise.’

Part: 5

And primarily, watch with brilliant eyes, the entire world around you, because the greatest mysteries are always hidden in the most unlikely places. Those who do not believe in magic will never find it. That was I thought in my room under the steps.

(Story)

Quick!

Quick!

And, Emmah moaned, darting out from behind her tree, seizing their rope too and adding her weight to make Becca beak move faster. Naddalin looked over his shoulder; they were now blocked from sight; they could not see Darcie’s Garden at all.

Stop…!

She whispered to Emmah.

And they might hear us.

-And-

Darcie’s back door had opened with a bang. Naddalin, Emmah, and

Becca beak stood quite still; even their Ashlynn seemed to be listening intently.

Then… Silence…

And where is it? And said their reedy voice of their committee member.

And where is there a beast?

-And-

And it was tied here! And said their executioner furiously. And saw it! Just here!

-And-

And, how extraordinary, and said Duerre.

There was a note of amusement in his voice.

And, Beaky! And said Deride huskily.

There were a swishing noise and their thud of an ax.

Their assassin seemed to have swung it into their fence in anger.

And then came their flying horses, and this time they could hear Darcie’s words through her sobs.

Gone!

Gone!

Bless his little beak, she is gone! Must pull herself free! Beaky, yet clever little girl!

-And-

Becca beak started to strain against their rope, trying to get back to Deride. Naddalin and Emmah tightened their grip and dug their heels into their forest floor to stop her.

Equally, someone untied her! And their killer was snarling. And we

should search for their grounds, their forest.

-And-

And, Nunez, if Becca beak has undeniably been stolen, do you think their thief will have led her away on foot? And said Duerre, still sounding amused. And search their skies, if you will… Deride, I could do with a cup of tea.

Otherwise, a large brandy.

And…

And so- o like of course, Professor, and said Deride, who sounded weak with happiness.

-And-

Come in, come in…

Also…

Naddalin and Emmah listened closely.

Theory heard footsteps, their soft cursing of their executioner, their snap of their door, and then silence once more.

And, now what? whispered Naddalin around the minds of the others and within.

And we must hide in here and said Emmah, who looked very shaken. And we need to wait until they have gone back to their castle. Then we wait until it is safe to fly Becca beak up to Trius's window.

She will not be there for another couple of hours… Oh, this is going to be difficult… She looked nervously over her shoulder into the

depths of their forest. The sun was setting now…

We are going to have to move, and said Naddalin, thinking hard.

I am always thought that growing up year be filled with magic, and dreams and good madness.

I hope you read some fine books and kiss someone who thinks you are wonderful and falling as I did is what did that for me.

#- (Falling to you- too!)

I have kissed her and liked it- s-sh-h!

(Only you need to know that…)

Part: 6

Naddalin-

I feel- I think you should date a girl who speaks to you and reads a- lot and knows a- lot of things. Date a girl who reads and can think and even write. Date a girl who spends her money on books, instead of clothes, who has difficulties with closet space,

because she has too many books, get a girl that is a bookworm- and is smart.

Date a girl who has a list of books she wants to read, who has had a library card since she was 10 or so-o.

Find a girl who reads…

You will know that she does because, she will always have an unread book in her handbag.

She is the one lovingly looking over the shelves in the bookstore.

The one who quietly cries out when she has found the book she wants.

(We spend a lot of time reading or being in the library.)

You see that weird sniffing the pages of an old book… more than other girl’s undies? That is the reader… and the girl I like that you may want to… full of magic… for the books, she knows was the wonder, that makes her sparkle.

They can never resist smelling the pages, especially when they are yellow and worn.

She was the sweet girl reading while waiting in that coffee shop down the street, or the one- that held your hand when you were 5 next doors- she nagged me to say that I am the one overlooking her now… she sees me.

‘Lost in a world of the author’s creation… like painting a picture with words.’

Sit down with her even if- it is wrong. She might glare at you, as most

girls who read do. Ask her if she likes the wonder, is see if she well looks thought you- like chapters of your life for her to explore. Let her know what you think what makes you sparkle with wonder…

-Then-

See if she got through the first chapter of companionship.

It is easy to date a girl who is smart not a smart, not a girl that has an ass that was never smart.

Give her poetry or a song… I wish I would have yet never done… Let her know that you understand that words are love.

Understand that she knows the difference between books and reality, she is going to try to make her life a little like her favorite book, and you will become like that. It will never- ever be your fault if she sees too.

Lie to her, if she understands grammar, she will appreciate your need to lie, to keep her.

Behind words are other things: drive, worth, shade, interchange. It will not be the end of the world.

Nose-dive her… a girl who reads knows that disappointments always lead up to the climax.

Why be frightened of everything that you are not?

Girls who read understand that individuals, like characters, grow. Since girls who read- magical things like wonder, understand that all things must come to end. And that you can

continuously write a part 2- 3 or 4 or more.

That you can begin o'er and o'er and still be the hero to her.

That life is meant to have an antihero or two.

If you find a girl who reads, keeps her close.

When you find her up at 3 AM clutching a book to her chest and weeping… she is the one you want.

Hold her... You may lose her for a couple of hours, here and there is

all that is girlie, but she will always come back to you.

She will talk as if the characters in the book are real because, for a while, they always are.

You will walk the winters of your old age together… that I know and wish I would have done… like she… Karly- and then found love and lost it over the spell, he passed over her… to I feel it. The baby is all she has- the work of a tower, in someone's life… it all goes back to HER!

SHE WILL EVEN SHOW YOU

HER- boots of freedom- to say how strong she is, or a book that is about you that she made even if she could not wright, she well sees you- by chance… and you will know, or the star of an online show… you will know… you will know. Or the hope of girls that need someone in loss…

You will smile…. So hard you will wonder the why…

And think that why is a question…

…?...

Your heart has not burst and exploited out all over your chest yet, hitherto, you question it might if not being with her.

You will author the story of your lives, have kids with strange names and even stranger tastes.

Date a girl who loves all that is wonder… because you deserve it.

You deserve a girl who can give you the most creative imaginative life.

Part: 7

(Story)

I recall saying- We must be able to see their Whopping Willow, or we will not know what is going on. Okay, also said Emmah, getting a firmer grip on Becca beak's rope. And, but we must keep out of sight, Naddalin, remember… we moved around the edge of their forest, that was covered in darkness falling thickly around them until we were hidden, but behind a clump of trees through which they could make out their- Willow.

There's Jinger…! Said- Naddalin, suddenly; besides, then there

was a dark figure sprinting across the lawn and its shout Hayvanna through there still night air. Then get away from her - getaway - Stabbers, come here… then they saw two more figures materialize out of nowhere. Naddalin watched herself and Emmah chasing after Jinger- then she saw Jinger dive. I have you! Get off, you stouten cat…

There’s Trius! said Naddalin.

The great shape of their dog had bounded out from their roots of their Willow. They saw her flying

horses Naddalin over them, then snatch on…

It looks even worse from here, doesn’t it? Said Naddalin, watching their mare pulling Jinger into their roots.

Ouch - look, I just got walloped by their tree - and so did you - this is weird.

There whoomphing Willow was checking and lashing out with its lower branches; they could see themselves darting here and there, trying to reach

their trunk. And then their tree froze... them to it.

Part: 8

There is moment they disappeared; their tree began to move again. And that was Crook shanks pressing their knot and said Emmah.

And there we go... Naddalin muttered. Equally- We are in this one deep. Seconds later, they heard footsteps quite close by. Duerre, Nunez, Harlan, and their old Board member were marching their way up to the castle. And right after we had gone

down into their passage! And spoke Emmah. And, if only Duerre had come with us… And… Nunez and Harlan would have come too and said Naddalin bitterly. I had bet you anything Harlan would have told Nunez to murder Trius on their spot… Theory watched their four men climb their castle steps and disappear. For a few minutes, their scene was deserted.

Then…

And here comes Sevket!

And said Naddalin as they saw another figure sprinting down their

‘The Body of Neveah’ steps and halting toward their Willow. Naddalin looked up at their sky.

Clouds were obscuring their moon completely.

Theory watched Sevket seize a broken branch from their ground and prod their knot on their trunk. Their tree stopped fighting, and Sevket, too, disappeared into their gap in its roots.

And, if she had only grabbed their Robe, And, said Naddalin. And it is just lying there… And- she turned to Emmah.

And, If I just dashed out now and grabbed it, Gonzales's never can get it. Naddalin, we must not be seen- nether!

And how can you stand this? And she asked Emmah fiercely. And, just standing there and watching it happen? Similarly, she hesitated. And I am going to grab their robe!

There same- Naddalin, no! Emmah seized their back of Naddalin's robes not a moment too soon. Just then, they heard a burst of girl.

It was Deride, marching his way up to their castle, singing at their top of her voice, and weaving slightly as he walked. A large bottle was swinging from his hands. And-See?

And Emmah whispered. Do you see what would have happened? We must keep out of sight!

No, back-back! She yelled…

There Ashlynn was marching frantic attempts to get to Deride again; Naddalin seized her rope too, straining to hold Becca beak back. Theory watched Deride meander tipsily up to

their castle. She was gone, Lowly beak stopped fighting to get away were. She heard drooped unhappily.

Barely two minutes later, their castle doors flew open yet again, and Gonzales came charging out of them, running toward their Willow.

Naddalin’s fists clenched as they watched Gonzales skid to a halt next to their tree, Pa. around.

She grabbed their Robe and held it up.

And get your filthy hands off it, And Naddalin snarled under his breath.

And- Sh-h!

And…

Gonzales seized their branch Sevket had used to freeze their tree, prodded their knot, and vanished from view as she put on their robe.

And, so that is it, and said Emmah quietly. And we are all down there… and now we have just got to wait until we come back up again…

-And-

She took their end of Becca beak’s rope and tied it securely around their nearest tree, then sat down on their dry ground, arms around her knees.

And Naddalin, there is something I do not understand… Why did not their Dementiators get?

Trius? I remember them coming, and then I passed out… there were so many of them… And Naddalin sat down too.

She explained what she had seen; how, as their nearest Dementor

had lowered its mouth to Naddalin’s, a large silver something had come galloping across their lake and forced their Dementiators to retreat.

Emma’s mouth was slightly open by their time Naddalin had finished.

Then, but what was it?

-And-

Besides, there is only one thing it could have been, to make their Dementiators go, and spoke Naddalin. And real Pat Jinger us. A powerful one.

-And-

Then, but who conjured it?

-And-

Naddalin did not say anything.

She was thinking back to then she had seen on the other bank of their lake.

She knew who she thought it had still been… but how could it have been?

And did not you see what they looked like? Besides said Emmah

eagerly. And was it one of their teachers? Moreover and, do not know - Naddalin, look at Lily!

-Equally-

Part: 9

Together they peered around their bush at the other bank. Gonzales had regained consciousness.

She was trickery stretchers and lifting their limp forms of Naddalin, Emmah, and Black onto them.

A fourth stretcher, no doubt bearing Jinger, was already floating at

her side. Then, wand held out in Jigger of her, she then moved them away toward the castle. Besides, Right, it is time, and said Emmah tensely, at her watch. And, we have about forty-five minutes until Duerre locks their door to their hospital wowed here must rescue Trius and get back into their ward before anybody realizes we are missing…

Yet like, most they just thought we were in the land of the railway- and its towns running around at play, or that we were lost in old towns, flying

around- they never thought we descended to Earth for boy drama… and to pray for young girls too… HE-HE- that is even more thrilling.

(Anyways back)

Theory waited, watching their moving clouds reflected in their lake, while their bush next to them whispered in their gusts. Becca beak, bored, was ferreting for worms once more.

And do you reckon she is up there yet? And, said Naddalin, checking her watch- time her still matters. She

looked up at the towering castle in its misty fog, and the viaduct behind, with the moon, lower, and began counting their windows to their right of the Northwest Tower with its torts. Also counting the many turret roofs… that made me and us feel small… in the eerie-ness.

Look! Look there… Emmah whispered.

And who is that? Someone is coming back out of their castle! Besides- Naddalin stared through the damp unnerving darkness. There the

man was hurrying a-crossed the grounds, toward one of the many elaborate entrances. Something shiny glinted in his belt, on his uniform. Look there… said Naddalin.

Also, the killer! She is gone to get them Dementiators! This is it, Emmah…

-And-

Emmah- I put my hands-on Becca Lowest beak's back and Naddalin gave my legs and up the hive. Then she placed her foot on my lower branches of their bush and climbed up

on Jigger and her too- to see for she was the smallest.

Part: 10

She pulled her Becca beak’s rope back over her neck and tied it to their other side of her collar like reins.

Furthermore, Ready?

Besides, she whispered to Emmah.

Also, you had better hold on to me… tightly.

-And-

She nudged Becca's beak’s sides with her heels.

Becca beak soared straight into their dark air. Naddalin gripped her flanks with her knees, feeling their great wings rising powerfully beneath them.

Emmah was holding Naddalin very tight around the waist; she could hear her muttering, And OH, oh-no - I do not like this oh, I do not like this…

Then, Naddalin urged Becca to beak forward.

A theory where sashaying silently toward the higher floors of their castle… Naddalin pulled hard on their right-hand side of their rope, and Becca beak turned. Naddalin was trying to count their windows flashing past… And- then- Whoa! she said, pulling back as hard as she ever could have.

At once, Becca beak slowed down and they found themselves at a stop unless you counted their fact that they kept rising, and down many feet as their Ashlynn beat his wings to still be airborne.

Besides- she is there…! And, Naddalin said, spotting Trius as they rose beside their window. She reached out, and as Becca beak's wings fell, they could tap sharply on their glass.

Black looked up…

Naddalin saw him and her jaw drop.

He leaped from his chair, hurried to their window, and tried to open it, but it was locked. And stand back! And, Emmah called to her, and she took out her wand, still gripping

their back of Naddalin’s robes with her left hand.

-And-

(Alohomora!)

-And-

Their window sprang open.

And, How - how -? And said Black weakly, staring at their Ashlynn.

And get on - there is not much time, and said Naddalin, gripping Becca beak firmly on either side of her smooth neck to hold her steady.

And you must get out of here - their Dementiators are coming - Nunez’s marching is gone to get therm.

-And-

Black placed a hand on either side of their window frame and heaved her head and shoulders out of it.

It was incredibly lucky she was so thin. In seconds, she had managed to fling one leg over Becca beak’s back and pull herself onto their Ashlynn behind Emmah.

Then, okay, Becca beak, up!

And said Naddalin, checking their cord.

Also- up to their tower - come on.

Torches lit the past ways, of cobblestone.

-And-

There Ashlynn gave one sweep of its mighty wings, and they were soaring upward again, high as their top of their North-West Tower.

Becca beak landed with a clatter on their battlements, and

Naddalin and Emmah slid off her at once. Then Trius, you had better go, quick, And Naddalin panted. And they will reach Flitwick’s office any moment, they will find out you are gone.

-And-

Becca beak pawed their ground, tossing his sharp heard. Besides, what happened to their other girls? Jinger? Likewise, croaked Trius. In addition to that, she was going to be okay. she is still out of it, but Madam Pomphrey says she will be able to make

her better. Immediate - go-! But Black was still staring down at Naddalin.

Besides, how can I ever thank You.

-And-

GO! And Naddalin and Emmah shouted together.

Black wheeled Becca beak around, facing the exposed skies. Besides, we will see each other again, and she spoke. And you are - truly your daddy’s girl, Naddalin…

She squeezed Becca beak's sides with her heels, then she- is being- Naddalin, Emmah jumped back as their enormous wings rose once more… There Ashlynn took off into their air… She and her rider became smaller and smaller as Naddalin gazed after them… then a cloud drifted a-crossed the moon… The moon is a reliable friend. It never- ever leaves. It is always there, observing, unfaltering, meaningful to us in our light and dark moments, changing forever just as we do.

Each day it is a different version of itself, like me and my girls, and them below- and above. Sometimes feeble and ashen, from time to time robust and full of light. The moon understands what it means to be un-human and to turn around on what is to show all dark.